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Title: Crawworth Expedition - Day 9

Author:  
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We couldn't get much farther away from the spiders with CrawWorth in the condition that he was in. We made our way as far as we could. We slept that night with no watch, as none of the

three of us could stay awake for very long. We were exhausted.

CrawWorth slept the latest, and by the time he woke both Dresler and I were packed up and ready to begin moving. This would have to wait though, as soon we were surrounded by the Ophidians. Their slithering voices appeared all around us, and moved past us as they headed towards the Spiders.

CrawWorth was amazed at their concentration on the enemy, as they paid us no mind whatsoever. Finally, his curiosity getting the better of him, CrawWorth followed them towards the clearing. Dresler and I tagged along reluctantly. As we got nearer we could hear chanting. The voices of the spiders are indescribably beautiful. A mixture of pure symmetry and harmony. As we neared the clearing the chanting stopped. And then, as suddenly as the sun appears in the morning sky, the Terrathan's and the

Ophidian's began their war. For one perfect second their was nothing but clear skies and the noiseless beauty of nature. And then metal rang out against metal and the shrieks and hisses of the Ophidians mixed and mingled with the barks and harsh cries of the Terrathans.

The three of us were swept away in a tide of fighting snakes and spiders, and soon we found ourselves running towards a beach. The water seemed a safe place to be at the moment, and fortunately their appeared to be an abandoned ship sitting off to one side. CrawWorth pointed towards it and shouted smoehting I didn't understand, but the three of us turned as one in the direction of the boat. Dresler started falling behind, and at some point he shoved his maps into my hand. I turned to ask why and he fell to the ground, an arrow protruding from his back. Both the Ophidians and the Terrathans were looking our way now, and CrawWorth and I barely made our way to the ship as both groups, still fighting incessantly among themselves, moved to attack us. CrawWorth got the ship into the water though I'll never know how. As we drifted away with the current they seemed to forget us again and reengaged in their war of wars.

We sailed for many hours with no tillerman, no oars, and no wind to move us along. We drifted wherever the current carried us, and

after a while it occurred  
to us that we could no  
longer see the land.

CrawWorth was  
apparently feeling better  
as he splashed some of  
the cold water into his  
face and glanced around  
at our predicament.

We were feeling  
desperate when we saw  
the shape in the distance.

A huge black spire  
looming out of the ocean.

And now there were two  
of them. Perfect twins

they were. Black pillars  
with huge silver snakes  
curled around them in  
decoration. I was almost  
sure from a distance

that the serpents were  
alive, but as we got  
closer we discovered that  
they were just metal  
carved around the black  
stone pillars.

We drifted towards them  
slowly and I turned to  
ask CrawWorth what they  
were. Poor, poor

CrawWorth. He lay on his  
back, his eyes staring  
blankly at the sky. I

crawled over next to him  
and he glanced at me,  
then tried vainly to turn  
his head. He grimaced as

I touched him and  
mumbled something about  
his leg. It was then that  
I noticed the bolt.

Sticking straight out  
from the calf. I reached  
down and yanked on it  
with all my might, cutting  
myself in the process,  
and watching revolted as  
a sickly green fluid came  
gushing out of the wound.

I leaned in close to  
CrawWorth, knowing  
somehow that he would  
soon die. I hugged him,  
and straightened him up  
in the boat. I leaned  
closer to him, tears  
flowing down my face. He

smiled and said, almost inaudibly, "a kiss". I kissed him then, and held him tight as he died in my arms. My face was surely a perfect study in agony, as I realized for the first time that I was the sole survivor of this mission. This journey of discovery had become a journey of death.

I watched as the boat sailed between the serpent pillars, and was amazed at the change that occurred all around me. The very sky changed colors, and suddenly I could see the sun again. I laughed through my tears as the familiar smells of Britannia wafted towards me. I passed out then, though from exhaustion, or ecstasy, or sorrow I could not say.

When I awoke I was in the Bay of Britain. As my ship sailed towards the docks a crowd gathered. When news of who I was made it's way to the center of the city, a group of Virtue guards arrived to escort me to see Lord British.

I could feel the poison from the bolt then. It was working it's way into my blood already. I don't know if the bolt was Ophidian or Terrathan. At some point I threw it out of the ship. When I meet with Lord British I shall give him this last journal entry. So that all may know of the braveness of CrawWorth, and all the others who traveled with us.

I loved him. And soon we shall be together. I write my final words.....